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AN ALARUM TO LONDON:

OR,

The Famous LONDON's blowing up by LONDONERS.

SOUNDED,

Not to Fire their Buildings, but to Quench their Burnings.

IN

A Letter to MAJOR GENERALL

BROWNE.

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fol: 11

LONDON, 1649

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LONDON:

OR,

BRITISH MUSEUM

An Allarum to LONDON, Not to fire their Buildings, but to quench their Burnings.

In a Letter

To Major Generall BROWNE.

SIR,

I Am bound by the duty I owe to old *Israel*, to make inquiry after *Josephs* portion; The *Birthright* of the *COMMON-WEALTH OF ENGLAND*, Religion and Liberty, and good Law, and Reformation, were the blessed *Inheritance* bequeathed and promised to *England and London*; and you, Sir, were one of the *Feoffees* left in trust, to take care that *Simeon* and *Levi* (brothers in blood and cruelty) might not murder him: The knife (Sir) was lately at *Josephs* throat, and you were then a *Reubenite*, to bestride him from the intended cruelty of Treacherous men, at the first assault, and *TREATT OF THE BROTHERS*. *Joseph* (Sir) is newly taken out of the Pit, and your selfe (with some others of the *DIVISION OF REUBEN*) standing at the pits brink, discontented that *Joseph* is raised. It hath pleased the *Divine Power* to secure the *young man* in that deep and dark place, and hath already begun to *exalt Joseph* against the unkinde desires of *Ismaelites* and *Egyptians*: Sir, you may beleeve it, that the same *good hand* will lead on the *COMMON-WEALTH OF ENGLAND* (as much hated and shot at, as ever *Joseph* was) through the deep *red Sea* (of *Englands Blood*) and through the *Wilderness*, and through *Divisions*, and through *Contradictions*, and through *Murmurings*. This (Sir) is the present estate of *England* afflicted *Joseph*; and this (Sir) will be done with an *out-stretched arme*, and *England* shall have passage from the *red Sea*, and *Egypt*, and the *Wilderness*, and arive safely in the Land of *Canaan*, and *rest*; and shall have powerfull Victories over

all Gods, and their Enemies. Of *this* and *other Nations*, and all people, good and bad, farr and neer, shall *gaze* and *stand amazed*, to see and heare the rare and unheard-of *executions*, yet unfinished. Be pleased to read the Record underneath; being the Will and Testament of *good and great Men, great Prophets*, and consider of it, and doe unto *Joseph* what right you can, without more *violence*, and perswade your *Friends* so to doe; for your *owne sake*, and for *your Friends sake*, and for the *Cities sake*, and for *Josephs sake* (*Joseph* advanced to a *Common-wealth*) for the *Common-wealth* of *Englands sake*; and shun all *prejudice* in the reading of it, for *Benn's sake*; whereby you fully gratifie his desires, and *good will* to *Joseph*, your *selfe*, and this great *City*.

Yours, for the sake of Joseph, BENJAMIN.

The *hand* of old *Jacob* upon the *head* of young *Joseph*, THE *COMMON-WEALTH OF ENGLAND.*

Gen. 49. 22, 23, &c.

ENGLAND is a fruitfull bough, even a fruitfull bough by a Well, whose branches run over the Wall.

The Archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and hated him: But his Bow abode in strength, and the armes of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.

Even by the God of thy Father who shall helpe thee, and by the Almighty who shall blesse thee with the blessings of Heaven above, blessings of the deepe, that lyeth under, blessings of the breast and of the wombe.

The blessings of thy Father have prevailed above the blessings of my Progenitors; unto the utmost bound of the everlasting Hils, they shall be on the head of ENGLAND, and upon the crowne of the head of him that is SEPARATE FROM HIS BRETHREN.

The *Rod* of *Moses*, and the *red Sea* (the *red Sea* of English blood) divided, for the safe returne of *afflicted England* out of *Egypt*, now sojourning in a *Wildernesse of wild Beasts, and stinging Serpents.*

Deut. 23. 13, &c.

Blessed of the Lord be his Land for the precious things of Heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath.

And for the precious fruits brought forth by the Sun, and for the precious things brought forth by the Moon, and for the chiefe things of the ancient Mountaines; and for the precious things of the lasting Hills.

And

And for the precious things of the Earth, and the fulneſſe thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the Buſh: Let the bleſſing come upon the head of England, and upon the top of the head of him that was SEPARATED FROM HIS BRETHREN.

The glory of ENGLAND *is like the Hornes of Unicornes, and with them he ſhall puſh the* PEOPLE.

The *Waters of Jordan* divided; And ENGLAND upon his *advance to Canaan.*

Joſhua 10.

Sun ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon, and thou Moone, in the Valley of Ajalon, and there was no day like that.

And Joſhua ſayd, Bring out thoſe five Kings unto me, and he ſayd unto the Captaines of the men of Warr which went with him, Come neer and put your feet upon the neck of theſe Kings.

Feare not, nor be diſmay'd, for thus ſhall the Lord doe to all your Enemies againſt whom you fight.

For my Honoured Friend, Major Generall BROWNE.

SIR,

Liberty of all enjoyments is *neer to life*, and as much as that *amounts* unto, I doe acknowledge that to be *the juſt ſumm of my Obligation* to you; for I beare you witneſſe, you were that *vigilant Governour* of *Abingdon*, that did (by Exchange of me for another Priſoner) give me my freedome from a harſh Impriſonment at *Wallingford*, when a little longer ſtay there, would have made me as miſerable, as the malice of an *enraged Enemy* could make me. Sir, The *Obligation* (wherein I ſtand bound) is double; you were *faithfull* then to the *Publique*, you were *freindl*, then *to me*; I have therefore endeavoured to make my *ſuitable addreſſe* unto you; the one was private, to thank you, the other is publique, to acknowledge you.

Sir, It is *emminently known* unto you, what a great *turne of Providence* there is viſible amongſt us, ſince that time; and how ſtrange and ama-

zing it hath been (and yet is) to the *Inhabitants* of this *Island*, as if there had been a *totall and perpetuall Eclypse* of the Sun of *Englands* glory; you know also, how it hath pleased the *wisedome of God*, to suffer the judgements of *good people*, to vary about this matter; and how dangerously their *opinions* have diversified them into very *unkinde speeches* and *behaviours* one towards another, and I hope neither of them will forget what *fat advantages* were given thereby to the *Enemy*, yet how *rawly and leane* they grew still upon the variety and full *mouthfulls* of them, they could *never thrive*, but were so cursed upon the top of them all, that it was usuall to observe, they could never come off without the *losse of a head*, the *breaking* of a *neck*, or the *battering* of the *bones*; some mischiefe or other did still post after them, from place to place, *Kent*, *Essex*, the *North*, &c. Where ever they went, they could never keep off the *Gentleman upon the pale Horse*, but vengeance would *over the Wall*, and pull them out by *head and shoulders*.

Sir, It is acknowledged, you did manifest much *wisedome and courage* in the first part of your *Actings* for this *Nation*, but it is also sayd that in the latter part of your adventures, the more you excelled in *boldnesse* and *abilities to speake*, the more of danger it did portend: I did never yet know any that did suspect (much lesse impeach) your *INTENTIONS* as *retrograde* (for the maine of them) or *declining* from the first *integrity* of them, but there doth lye a *BLAME* upon you, that you did not so *soon or seasonably* submit unto the wisedome of *God*, that hath, it seemes, *against your declared will*, made better provision for you and us too, then it was possible for you to make *for your selves*, or *for us*, by all the wisedome you could put forth.

Sir, Let us extoll and speak well of that *wisedome*, that doth restraine the dangerous *results* of our *Counsells*, and of that *Providence* that cures our *improvidence*; the good *God* (we may see) is so much the more *carefull* of us, by how much he espyeth our *weaknesse* and *shallownesse* to be the more in *dealing for our selves* with a *subtill Enemy*, and in providing for our *owne safety*.

Sir, The *wisedome of God*, hath wonderfully (next to a Miracle) determined, that *Englands Joseph* could not come home safe by a *Treaty*, nor yet be ever restored to his *Father* with *Life and Honour*, before his cruell and *treacherous Brethren* were brought upon their *faces*, put in *ward*, and made to acknowledge their great trespasse; *Wee are verily guilty concerning our Brother*.

Sir, It is manifest, that the *Patriarchs* were (almost all of them) very *ill affected* to *Joseph*. *Steven* notes as much in his Confession, *Acts* 7. 9.

7. 9. and there fixes up their *Malignity* upon *Record*, *And the Patriarchs* (*moved with envy*) *sold Joseph*, &c. There was but one amongst ten, but voted against *Joseph*, but voted him a *bondman in Ægypt*, and you well know that *Israels Joseph* was a type of *Englands Joseph*, sure there is an *English Israel*, and doubtlesse there is an *English Joseph too*, and the *parallel* that runnes along in all the veynes of the troubles, and preservation of them both, goes as *free from halting*, as any I have read of.

Indeed there is some *disproportion* betweene the *number* and the *virulency*, of the *haters* of the one and of the other, *Israels Joseph* had but *nine against one* that hated him, but *Englands Joseph*, can make their *Units*, *tens*, their *Tens*, *hundreds*, their *Hundreds*, *Thousands*, and those within us too, besides those many *without us*, and these *Patriarchs* too, *English Patriarchs*, and for the implacability of their *Envyings*, ours observe no *measure* or *limitation* of *time* or *condition* but are beyond compare. Those in *Dothan* did weepe and take on in *Ægypt* (now that they saw their younger Brother was preferred) that they dealt so ill with him in *Dothan*; ours in *England* weepe *Millstones*, nay when stones weepe, they be dry, *Joseph* in anguish, they rejoyce, *Joseph* advanced, they *Maligne* still, and doe reach after him; and though he be *advanced above the Sun*, yet doe bark, (though in vayne) as *Doggs* that will *wawle against the Moon*.

Sir, I would begin with *Israels Joseph*, and with the *Archers* that shot at him first, you doe remember the sacred *History*, had the *Patriarchs* any cause to hate *Joseph*, yet did they not *resolve* his death? and did they not cunningly contrive *his ruine*? indeed *Reuben* is honourably recorded for his *willingnesse* to save him, and to restore him to his *Father*, but alas! the man is more to be commended for his *affection*, then his *discretion*. True, *Reuben* doth beset the Child, and very manfully delivers him at the pit, and pleads, *O doe not kill him, shed no blood, lay no hand upon him*, Here's a *pit*, throw him there. Honest man! *Joseph* is more beholding to thee for thy *good wishes*, then thy *great wit*. What? throw him into a pit, *Reuben*? Is that all the liberty thou canst obtaine for *Joseph* by a *Treaty*? what dost thinke thy *Brothers* be *Children*? or be they *babes*? and will they so soone be pleased? and can they forget the *dreame*? or are they strangers in *Dothan*? or doe they not know the way to the pit where *Joseph* is? Alas *Good man*! Thou knowest it not, thy *Brothers* are too revengefull, and too deep for thee to deale with, for *life and liberty* by a *Treaty*, what care *Simeon and Levi* for conditions and promises, when they *resolve* to be *Treacherous*? have they not *Swords* by their Sides? what doe they care for a *Treaty*, *Treaty* them no *Treaties*, hatred and revenge for *Josephs Vision* are fixed upon the *Lies*; what if the *Ma-*

ligners

Egnant Tribes returne when thou art gone, and kill *Joseph* in the pit, when no man sees it to tell the *old Man*? hath not thy *wisdome* provided well for thy *young Brother*, to make a *Grave* for him? and to save the *Tribes* the labour of digging one? and to save *Old Jacob* Funerall expences for his Beloved *Joseph*, what have thy *Brothers* more to doe now, but a *knock*, and a *Shovell of Earth*, and *Joseph* is not. Ah *Reuben*, *Reuben*, I love thy *pitty*, but I feare the *Pit*, there is but little good like to be of this *Treaty*, however *Joseph* thanks thee for thy good *meaning*.

And *Judah* (*Sir*) would be thought a freind to *Joseph* too, but it is easy to prove him an *Arch Malignant*, indeed his *enmity* glides along in *smooth Language*, and runs away in a *still Channell*, without noyse, which argues the *depth* thereof: we have nothing but his owne *words*, and his owne Declaration, that speakes him a *fre ind*, and these neyther speake him any other but a *Comparative freind*, he would not be thought lesse then an Enemy to *Joseph*, but onely *not to be so bloody*, as the rest were, or would have beene. Then all his deeds be *Acts of Hostility*. Oh it is *Joseph*! our Brother, our flesh and blood, yet *let us sell him*, save his *blood*, but sell his *body*, *save* his *body in Dothan*, but *damne* his *soule* (if possible) in *Ægypt*; if this be all thy *kindnesse* (*Judah*) thou wilt *kill* thy *Brother* with *kindnesse*.

Judah, *Sir*, was a dangerous *Enemy* to the budding *Common-wealth of Israel*, I am more then halfe perswaded, that it was *hee* which gave his Brothers *Commission of Array*, to doe what they did, indeed we could not finde his *Packet of Letters*, but we finde him in the *head* of the *bloody Crew*, and the *Orator* upon all occasions. He was that Noble *Tribe*, that had many *Kings* in his loynes. He was a *declared Royalist*, and it fell to him by *Eldership*, to be their *Generall* upon this *designe*: *Reuben* (the Eldest) was *too honest* for their purpose, and had declared his *good affection* to *Joseph*, at the *first Assembly* of the Brothers. His vote went that *Joseph* should *goe home*, he should *goe home* and be a comfort to old *Israel*.

Simeon and *Levi* (next in yeares) had carryed the *Generall-ship* from *Judah*, but that they had before discovered their *incapacity* to mannage such a *Command*, by their *rash* and *treacherous* dealing with the *Sichemites*, after they had yeilded unto *certaine Articles* in a Treaty with them, they had made *themselves* and the *Old man* to *stinck before the Inhabitants of the Land*, and therefore are now by the others judged *unfit*; *Judah* is the man that must direct them in their *Counsells*, and lead them on, A man of incomparable parts and Majesty. He was one that knew how to *play* his *game* well, it is he that animates against *Joseph*, in the *Cabinet Whisperings*, It is he that pleads for *Joseph* in a more open *Counsell*.

The

What ever they do with *Joseph*, home hee shall not goe, that he resolves against *Reuben*, and for the downe right killing of him, hee will not yeeld to that neither, that hee urgeth against *Simeon* and *Levi*. He perswades rather to a *Treaty* and gives the *Ground and Reasons* of such an *Accommodation*. *He is our brother*, and *what profit in his blood?* rather *save* his *life* and *sell* the young *man*. Hee *hath not the spirit of a Souldier, but of a Butcher that delights in blood.*

It is confest *Judah's* pleading for *Joseph* was very *patheticall* and *seasonable* to save present *execution*, but withall, there was much crueltie and *selfishnesse* in the *bowels* of those *bowels*. *What profit in his blood?* The blood of *Joseph* might have stucke upon their *sheepheards coates* in *Dothan*, there was danger in that, *what profit?*

It seemes gaine and other *selfe-ends* might have prevailed *very farre* upon *Judahs good nature* to make him forget *Joseph* was any *kin* or *kinne* to him. Those sacred *Records* leaves a staine upon his very kindnesse.

But to speake truth, what could *Judah* doe or say lesse? How could hee doe so little for him? A *stone* could not retaine its *hardnesse* to see such *anguish* as was upon *Josephs* soule, they doe confesse afterwards in the *Ward*, that they did see much of it but were *hardened*, and that they confesse was their *sinne*, surely none but *such* as had quite *blown out* the glimmering *light of nature*, and had *forgotten* they *were men*, but would have *melted* long before, with that aboundance of *teares* that ran down *Josephs cheeks*, but would have bin *moved* with all those *moving pleadings* that *Joseph* had to *poure* forth. They confesse them to be very *peirceing* and *visible* to be seen, but themselves *hard* and *impenitrable*.

Josephs Plea for his Life.

AND shall I never see my *dear Father* againe? But must I *lose* my *Life*? or (that which is as neare) my *Liberty*? And will brothers be my *Executioners*? Will *Israelites* be bloody? O! Brother *Judah* helpe! why brother *Levi*, brother *Zebulon*; It is the day of *Josephs trouble*: hath *Joseph* no brother, will not *Nepthali*, will not *Gad*, will not *Asher* know or pitty him? why, I am *the son of your Father*, I am *Joseph*, I came in *duty* and *kindnesse* to see you, and shall I be *killed* for my *kindnesse*? Am I not worthy to *live* for my *love*? Let me know my *fault* that I may be *sorry*, that I may *repent* before I *dye*. Is it because I did tell you my *Dream*? Truly (*brothers*) it was a *reall vision*, and no

idle fancy; Is it becauſe *your ſheafe* was lower then *Mine*? It is not poſſible that your *ſheafe* ſhould be the lower for *Joſephes ſheafe*; Is it becauſe the *Sun* and *Moon* did obeyſance to me? why? what *ill* can that preſage to you? can thoſe HONOURED LUMINARIES be ecclipſed by *Joſephes Glory*? or can your *native Luſter* and brightneſſe be *leſſened* by any *Splender* of *his*? And alas *What profit* will ariſe unto you out of a *Dead carcaſe*, and a *little coate*? will not a *lond Conſcience* for the *blood of an Innocent*, *ſting* more than that can *heale*.

Beſides, What if *Joſephs Dreame* proves a *Viſion* indeed? aud your *brother* become ſuch a *Prince* as may require ſuch *bendings*? as may deſerve *ſuch honour*, from a *Family ſo illuſtrious* and honourable as is the *family of Jacob*? what if you my *Lord Judah* and the reſt of my *brothers* ſhould ſee cauſe to *bow* before me? would *Joſeph* be *ſtiffe* while you *bend*? And could his eyes be *dry*, while yours be *wet*? doe you thinke *Joſeph* ſo unnaturall, and undutifull both? I beſeech *your* Excellency to conſider, you may rather *weaken* then *ſtrengthen* the family of *Jacob*, by the ruine of *Joſeph*, Beſides the *errand* I come about deſerves not ſuch *entertainment*; I come to enquire after your WELFARE. Ah let mee go home againe, that I may do my *errand* to the *old man*, *our Father*, that I may tell him I did eſcape the *wild beaſts*, and did ſee my *loving brothers* in ſafety upon the *Plaines of Dothan*.

And now ſir, could a *Generall* ſay *leſſe*? or could a *Noble-man* doe ſo *little* for *Joſeph*, as *Judah* did for him? a man that had ſo much *elegancy in his lines*, and of *excellency in his loines*, could he uſe leſſe courteſie in his *behaviour*? What was it for him to ſay, *Simeon* hold, *Levi* be not raſh, *Ioſeph* is our brother *indeed*, and his *blood* will doe us but little *good*, *a childs coat* will be but *little booty*, no ſuch plunder *here*, as you had of the *Sichemites* when you put them to the ſword in *Shalem*: Sir, this is one of the *beſt* of all thoſe *curſed reſolves* amongſt the *worſt of enemies*. *No profit in the Carcaſe of a Common-wealth*. It is a principle that ſwaies with the moſt *moderate* of the *Degenerate Kinde of Cataline*, yet rather then *faile* in their *Deſign* of miſcheife and violence, let *Ioſeph*, the joy and comfort of *Old Iſrael* bee ſold to *Pharaoh*, nay, let him goe to the *devill* (ſo farre as they can doom him) they'le doe their beſt to ſend him *thither*, ſo they may have *Ioſephs portion* of honour and eſtate; his portion of *honour* in *Iacobs family*; and his portion of *eſtate* in *Iacobs flocks*: they regard neither the *Life* nor *Liberties* of *young Ioſeph*, nor *old Iſrael*, if they may have but *Coyne* by making their *Coffins*,

Sir

Sir, I have now *my purpose*, now that I have minded you of those ancient *Treaties*, and *Treacheries*, and prayings, and pleadings; and stirrings, and strivings; and good meanings too (a few of them) touching *Israels Ioseph*: that I have minded you of the *little number* of *Iosephs friendes*: It is one of the *least of numbers*, if you reckon him at *home*, and him *abroad at the Treaty* too, that I have given you a review of *the multitude of Iosephs enemies*, even amongst *Patriarks*, and how *cunningly* they did worke against *Ioseph*; To let you see that neither *cunning* nor *cruelty* could ever prevaile upon *innocency* first and last too, but *Truth* hath alwayes had *the day* after hard *Skirmishes*, that you might observe how *honest hearts* may be undermined, and prevented in their *intentions to preserve* Ioseph.

It was *Reubens Case*, he had by *Treaty*, provided a *Pit* which (though dry) was *safe* neither for *himselfe* nor *Ioseph*, How *excellently Enemies* act according to their *Principles*. *Iudah* doth far exceed *Reuben* in *Abilities to treate*, *Iosephs bondage* is *Iudahs aime*, and a *dark Dungeon* is *Iosephs fate*. It is not so with *Reuben*, a plot could not succeed *worse* to *Reuben* then this did, for he tare his haire. In the interim, sir, there is an *old catching* for *Ioseph*, the *Tribes* will *kill* him, but *Reuben catcheth him*, The *Tribes doe sell* him, but *God doth send him*:

And now sir, *here* we find a *third party* as wel in *Israel* then, as in *England* now, a *party* sir (and a gallant one too) that was no more *dreamed* of by the *old Patriarkes* (but only what *Ioseph* saw in his *vision*) then was *of late* thought on by the *young Patriarks* of *England*: *Good* and *bad* men with us (all of them) *miscarry alike* in their *Councells* concerning *Ioseph*, *Reuben* (with us too) beats off *Simeon* and saves *Ioseph*, *Iudah* he cousens *Reuben*, and *sells Ioseph*, *GOD befooles them all* and *sends* the man in a *dispatch of his own* to *Ægypt*, there to provide *food* for *Israel*. And thus the wisdome of God *Deludes crafty Iudah*, and *secludes kind Reuben* (though he was for the cause) from his *wiser Councells*. Nay it pleased *PROVIDENCE* to *cage* them up both in *Ward* together in *Ægypt*, with their *Parti-coloured* counsels, as if they had been *both alike enemies* to his *Great stateliness*, and as *being equally destructive* in their judgements, and purposes, to *his own sanctity* and *Israels safety*.

Sir, I thought to be *more short*, but the *way* I tooke to *follow Ioseph*, I finde to be *rough* and *intricate*, and the *way* I finde, is longer too, from *Dothan* to *Egypt*, and from thence backe againe to *England*, then I could imagine, I was forced to goe somewhat about, because I discovered *a*

variety of Engagements, and Holds, and Garrisons. I saw, sir, *pits* and *petitions*, and treaties and treacheries, and *cryes* and *counsells*, and *clamors*, and *accusations*; and *dungeons*, and *dangers* by the way, and so I could not wait upon *Ioseph* through all these, and returne to you so soon as you might expect, however my *presumption* is your *candour*, and I thought you wou'd not *take offence* that I tarried so *long*, for that the occasion of this *wearisome length of lines* was not only in *loyalty to Ioseph*, but in *love to you*, sir, and if I fail something in *method* and *memory*, you will remember I went through a *thicket*, and forrest of *wild beasts*, and will soone *excuse my failings*, while onely *love* and *thankefullnesse* to your selfe and *Ioseph* doth *guide the pen*.

Sir, It hath been the *good Will of him that dwelt in the bush* to go as well before *Englands Ioseph* as *Israels*, and hath led him on through a *wildernes of pits*, a *Dothan of dangers*, & a *Dungeon of Difficulties*, hath so cleared the *pits of water*, the *Dungeons of darkenesse*, the *Wilderneſſe of Serpents*: *Serpents* of their *stings*, hath so taken out the *malignity* of every *wild beast* in the *way* from *Dothan to Egypt* and from thence to *England*, knocking out *great teeth*, breaking *jaw bones*, chopping off *HEADS*, so that *Englands Ioseph* as well as *Israels*, is now beyond the *reach* of his *cruell brothers*, preserved in the midst of *Israelities* and *Egyptians*, *Malignants* are either in *ward*, or else have *learned* to pronounce our *English shibboleth* without faultring, they begin to say *my Lord Ioseph* and make *low Congies* and *humble addresses To the SUPREAME AUTHORITY OF THE NATION*; *TO THE COUNCEL OF STATE*, *TO THE KEEPERS OF THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND*, *The Lords Commissioners*, and to all these, *RIGHT HONOURABLE*.

Those greater LUMINARIES that would not doe *obeysance* to our *Ioseph*, are utterly *darkened*, the *Sun* of this *lower Orbe*, is gon quite *Retrograde* more degrees then that in the *Diall of Ahaz*, 2 *King*, 20. And the other of our *darke worlds* greater LUMINARIES the MOON (the very *emblem of mutability* and *change*, being most *full of spots* in her *greatest fulnesse*) for her ILL WILL TO JOSEPH, is Commanded *stirrence*, and *standing still* in the VALLEY OF AJALON; in a *Country of vallies*, and there *amazingly made* to behold and *gaze upon* the rare and *unheard of executions* of the GREAT JEHOVAH, done by his *despised Ioshua's*, and the most *glittering starres* that will not *bend* shall *fall downe*, and whatever bee their *Luster* or *largeneſſe*, the *fall of Lucifer* shall bee their *fate*, it is *manifest to all beholders*, that a *Divine hand* hath set a *Crowne of*

Glory

Glory upon the *HEAD* of *Englands Ioseph*, and that *Sunne* or *Starre* that shall dare reach after *Iosephs Crowne*, now in his Glory. Beleeve it, Sir, the *despised Saints*, will but *triumph at their Treason*, and they will doe no other but utter a *Song of praise to God for their plagues amongst men*; *BABYLON is falne, is fallen; How art thou falen, LUCIFER, Sun of the morning?* This, this will be the *song of Saints* (Honoured Sir) so long as the *Sun* hath a *course to give*, or *England* an *Age to live.*

I will not *stand* to run the *parallel*, I humbly crave that to be the *fruit* of your *Meditations.* It is now *vacation* with you *there*, though it be *Terme* time with us here: Indeed, Sir, *they* are *most happy* that have *least to do with a deceitfull world*, that are most *vacant* from the *businesses* of an *uncertaine Age*, unlesse they have their *eyes the better*, and are *of a more quick sight*, to see their *WORKE* before them.

But now Sir, who ever *maligne* that the *COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND* begins to be *Illustrious*, surely no *English heart*, no *Reubenites* should doe it; yet there are *great thoughts of heart for the divisions of Reuben*; for the *discontents* of *Reuben*, the *contradictions* & *murmurings* of this *friendly Tribe*; It is not *Irelands Rabsheka*, but it is *Englands Joseph* that is honored; He is not an *English man*, but an *Irish man*, that *hates* the young *LAD.* Beleeve it Sir, (or suppose it possible) The *wild Irish*, the *savage Orcades* will goe neare to turne *Round* in halfe an *Age*, will *ingage* to submit to the *Commonwealth* of *England*, if our *Joseph* will *protect* them; And what a *base dishonour* will it be to our *English Cavalry*; (and to some of the *division of Reuben* too, it will be no credit: That they will be *younger brothers* to *Pagans* and *Papists*, and to the *Moores*, and to the *worshippers of Mahomet*, in their *duty* of *submitting* to *Englands Joseph*; will it not be a *blushing shame* to such as are not quite *brased* against it, to thinke that the *barbarous Irish* should be sooner *disarmed* of their *blood-thirstinesse*, then our *wretched Cavalry* can be brought in by *kindnesse* and *freedome*: O how soon will the *succeeding Age* that is already *treading* upon the *heels* of this, *befool*, and (pittyingly) *bebeast* the *pride*, and *ignorance* and *wretchednesse*, and *stubbornesse* of this present *Generation.*

I said indeed there were *some* that could already frame themselves to say, My *Lord Joseph*; but it is as sure that *many of these* (I would I had not cause to suspect them all) I say *most of these* do but *poure out* their *old maliguity* into *new bottles*, have, and will act against *young Ru-*

benites upon *old principles* of *hatred* and *revenge*, becauſe *Reuben* delivered *Ioſeph* at the *pit*. I do very well know the *men* that now *lye in the pit* upon that *very account*.

But Sir, my purpoſe is to *minde you* that what ever their *hopes* may be, they doe ſubmit in *point of Act* unto *Ioſeph*, they dare not for their *lives* take up *Arms* again, unleſſe they be men of *baſe* and *broken fortunes*, and are deſperate, becauſe *Ioſeph* is a *Prince*, a *Potentate*: He is the *Commonwealth of England*. And becauſe the *LORD OF HOSTS* hath made him a *Father to Pharaoh*, not to *Pharaoh myſticall*, *Ioſeph* will be a *ruine* to his *Kingdome*, but *Pharaoh naturall*, to *black* and *ſwarthy complexioned people*; I am perſwaded our *Ioſeph* will ſoon enlighten and *interpret their Dreams*, that thoſe *darke people* in the *darker places* of the *world*, may not for ever periſh in the *yeares of dearth and darkneſſe*, for want of *Interpreters*, for want of ſuch an *Interpreter* as *Ioſeph* will be; When *Magicians* are *ſilent*, *Ioſeph* will ſpeak *truth* and *Propheſie*. He will be an *Enemy* to no *Nation*. He will be a *friendly Neighbour* to the (late oppreſſed, now the) *High and Mighty States of the Low Countries, and Lords of the United Provinces*. He will be an *Enemy* to none, but to the *loweſt Country of all*, the *Principality of blackneſſe and darkneſſe for ever*. *Ioſeph* will be a ſcourge to all the *Locuſts* that come out of that *bottomleſſe pit*: The *Legats alatere* of that *infernall Hierarchy*; theſe *darken* the Chriſtian *world*; Their *Generall Vicar*, the *Pope*. The *FLYING FIERY SERPENT Copp*, and that *wretched Ly-monger the Man in the Moon*; Theſe be the *Peſts* of the *Commonwealth of England*; theſe came in the ſmoak, *Rev.* 9. 2.

Ioſeph will be a *Friend* to *Enemies*, much more a *Friend* to *Friends*, now that he hath *power*; but then *Friends muſt be Friends*, and *ſigne* the *Ingagement*; and *Enemies* muſt give a *pledge* too, that they are not *Spyes* while *Ioſeph* doth nouriſh them; *Iudah* muſt take the *Ingagement*, as well as *Reuben*, and *Simeon* too, as well as *Iudah*, and *confeſſe their treſpaſſe* too (ſuch as are faulty) before they can bee *truſted* in a place where there is ſuch *variety of good food*, and *abundance of great treaſure*. *Iſraels Ioſeph* would nouriſh no *Spies*, no more will *Englands Ioſeph*, if an *Ingagement* can tye them from *Treachery*. I doe ſee there is *one provided*, that muſt either *bow* them or *break* them; will either *mend* them, or *end* them.

But now Sir, There are *great thoughts of heart*, *for*, and *in the diviſions of Reuben*; *Deborah* and *Baraak*, are *penſive* at this *ſad conceit*, in that

ſtately

ſtately Song of their *Triumph*: It is now *Reubens caſe* to be *put in ward*, by the command of that *Ioſeph*, whoſe life he was a *means to preſerve* at the *firſt onſet* of *Englands Cavalry*. I do wiſh much tenderneſſe of heart may be ſhewed to thoſe that are of tender conſciences, that are not yet aſſured of *Ioſephs* ſafety; if they be of *Reubens* diviſion, and not *Simeonites*.

And will *Ioſeph requite his friends thus?* It were no *pity* to ſee *Simeon* and *Levi* tyed *neck and heels* together, and to put *Iudah in a fright*; but for *Reuben* to be *clapped up in ward*, and for him to be *ranked with ranke Malignants*, ſeems ſtrange. *Malignants rejoyce at that*, and *Reubenites mourne for that*, and *all be divided*, and *offended at that*; yet Sir, you ſee, *Providence* will have it ſo; I pray ſubmit to it.

Sir, I would the *conſideration hereof*, might ſerve for a *helmet*, and a *breaſtplate* both, to keep you *intire*, and *unwounded* in thoſe two *principles* of *life*, the *head* and the *heart*; Beleeve it Sir, *Saints* themſelves are *ſhot in the mouth*, and do ſpeak *boldly*, and I fear *bloodily*. I have ſent you therfore a *larger peece* of *Ioſephs party coloured Coat*, & have uſed the *more expreſſions* that it might be unto you as ſo many *quiltings* to make you *ſhot-free*, and to keep you from the *Maliguity* of theſe *revolting times*. That though (it ſeems) you have *fainted* ſomewhat in the *conflict*, yet you may not *utterly fall* in the *Exit*.

And will *Simeon* take the *Ingagement*, and not *Reuben*? will *Reuben* teare his haire? what will he doe it *now*? now that *Ioſeph* is ſafe? Hee might have done it at the *Pit*, but will he take on like a *mad man* at the *Court*? It had been a *ſutable deportment* for wretched *Simeon* and *Levi* ſo to doe; for *Cop*, the *Pope*, and the *Man in the Moon* ſo to do; but men wonder to ſee *Reubenites* divided about the matter of *Ioſephs glory*. O how do wicked men *biſſe?* How doe moſt *Taverns* and *Alehouſes*, and how doe all *Stews* and *Brothel-houſes*, laugh and dance at this *evill report*? I could herein exceed, but in my exceeding, I ſhould fall abundantly ſhort of what you, and all the world, know to bee, but too true.

I beleeve you would give me leave to conclude, but ſhall I be bold to come nearer to you? would you know the *myſtery*? It is this, God is *gone by you* (and others too of *Reuben's* diviſion) *unſeen*, and hath taken *Joſeph* along with him in all the haſte: There hath been much *ſnatching* amongſt *us*, in the *Parliament*, in the *Army*, in the *City*, *Country*. This hath made *great noiſe* every where. And ſhall not the *Wiſdome*, and *Power* of *God* have one *ſnatch* amongſt us. He will have *ſome-*

thing

thing as well as we, He hath *catched* what hee *could get*, and was worth the taking, and this hee hath done without *much noise*, *wisdome* is *deepe*, the more *Divine*, the more *deepe*; Mans wisdome is *shallow*, and from hence proceed the *great stirres*, and the *clutter* that is amongst us. Sir, *Ioseph* was taken from you, and from your *counsells* in the night, and went in *Wayes untrodden* with a good *guide*. *Quick-sighted* men could no more see him in his *march* to *Pharaohs Court* then *blind men*. Hence all our *discontents*, *feares*, *dispaires*. Hence it is, that *Iosephs good friends* that was *kinde* to him on his *bed of sickneſſe*, doe now *draw the curtaines* upon him as if he were *dead*. *Religion*, and *Lawes* and all *good order*, *Learning*, *Trading* (all) *utterly defunct*, *friends*, and *enemies* too *agree together* about *this*. It *is* ſo, it *muſt needs be* ſo, *Ioseph is not*, *Iacob is bereaved*, *ſome evill beaſt* hath eaten up the *child*.

This was old *Iſraels feare*, though his *internall eyes* were very good, and by the helpe of a *prophetical proſpective* could ſee ſo *many Generations* after him, yet he could not tel what was become of his *ſon*. Hee was ſo ſubtily, and ſecretly convaied away to *Court* that neither *he*, nor *Reuben*, nor *little Benjamin* could tell, or beleeve any other but that hee was *dead*. No hold, but the *old man* and *Reuben* would go after him, one to the *pit*, the other to the *grave*, and there will never want *malignant Tribes* to ſettle the conceit of *Ioſephs* death faſt upon *Iſraelites and Reubenites*, for ſay the *old ones*, ſee his Coat if it be not ſo, a *bloody*, torn, *party coloured Coate*, look on it.

The *New Tribes* are, as if they were *ſpit out of the old ones mouthes*. O what a *bloody*, *party-coloured* Coat, doe they hold forth, and ſhow to the world. The *wild beaſts* did doe it, but who were thoſe *wild beaſts*? They poore *harmleſſe creatures*, did not *teare* nor *beſmeare* the *coat with blood*, no not they.

See thy ſonnes Coat, it ſhould ſeeme *Ioſeph* was *Iacobs ſonne*, but not *their brother*, I pray note how wicked men will ſhift off their ſins with their *relation* to *Ioſeph*. The *coat* was *Ioſephs* (*Thy ſonne: Coat*) the *party-coloured Coate* was *Ioſephs*, the *bloody coate* was *Ioſephs*. *Ioſeph* was *Iacobs ſonne*, but *now* hee ſhall bee none of their *brother*, they had made a *match*, and were *ſworne brothers* to the *wild beaſts*; they could not then be *Ioſephs brethren* too untill the *ward* and ſome *feares* and *frights*, had purged them of ſome *groſſe malignity*. O how impudently doe the ill affected Tribes of this age ſhift off their GREAT TRESPASSE from themſelves, what blood they poure upon *Ioſephs coat*? How

boldly

boldly doe they *hold it forth* and tell it? how *shamelessely* doe they object the *Party-colouredneſſe* of it, and the *ſadde hap* thereof to *Iacob* and *Ioſeph*: *The Parliament* and *the Common-wealth of England. Crueltie*, and *Injuſtice*, and *errors* and *irreligion*, and *Blaſphemy* and *Prophaneſſe*, and *Diviſions*, and *ſects*, (all that is *bad*) that is *theirs*. *See thy ſonnes coate.*

Sir, *Snatchings* you know are the *ſudden catching away* of things *unexpectedly*. Men thinke themſelves *wronged* when they bee thus *dealt with*. Such a *ſnatcher is Providence*, onely it can alwayes *juſtifie what it doth* in that kind, which we can doe but ſeldome. We are offended that things are *thus ſnatched* away from us.

Sir, In theſe *ſadde Conflicts amongſt Reubenites*, I find and have obſerved a *threefold Proviſion* made by the *Wiſdome of God*. Firſt for *it ſelfe*, next for *Ioſeph*, then for the *friends of Ioſeph*.

1 *For it ſelfe*, The *Wiſdome of God* will provide that Inſtruments ſhall have their *due* (*Truth* and *juſtice* call for it) but men muſt *waite the dayes of payment*. Neither *Men*, nor *Angells*, nor *Devills* ſhall take away that which is *Gods*, namely his *Honour* and *Reputation* in the *World*, That's one *Proviſion*. If *Reuben* had beene the *only inſtrument* to deliver backe *young Ioſeph* to *old Iacob*, O what a man *Reuben* had beene! How *Great* for *Courage*? how *Wiſe* for *Counſell*? That *hand* which is moſt ſeene, carries away all the *Honour*. *Saul* hath ſlaine his Thouſands, and *David* his *Ten thouſands*, but (it ſhould ſeem) *God* ſtood by and did *nothing*. O what *Gallant men* had *Browne*, and *Waller*, and *Eſſex* and others beene cryed up to bee, if they had done all the *worke*? what had they done at *Abbington*! what at *Newbury*! what at *Winchester*! what at *Gloceſter*! what in the *Weſt*! What *great feates* they had done *every where*, this had beene the *talke*, Sir, (Whither you will or no,) *people* will argue thus. And mans way of reaſoning is very *deſtructive* to the *Glory* and wayes of *God*. If *Inſtruments* ſtand in the peoples *light* ſo that they cannot behold his *exceeding great Glory*, let the men bee never ſo precious, they ſhall bee *laid aſide* for a time. *God* himſelfe will bury *Moſes* with his owne hand, rather then the people ſhall ſet the *man* up in *his place*.

Moſes was honoured with the conduct of *Gods people* through the *red ſea*, as farre as the *Wilderneſſe*, and there hee is put out of *Commiſſion*, and ſhall goe no further. *Ioſhua* ſhall bee their *Captaine Generall* in their *March to Canaan*. You *your ſelfe* and other *worthy Commanders* were honored to go before *Engliſh Iſrael* from *Egypt*, through a *red ſea*, as far as the *Wilderneſſe*, and are you *offended* that the *Wiſdome of God* hath taken away your *Commiſſion*, and *buried your honour* for a little time? Sir, It was

come to this passe, that your *Honour* must be buried in *Gods*, your *Wisdome* in *his*, your *Treaties* in his *Counsells*? and would you have his *fall* and yours *stand*? his *go down*, and yours *go up*. *Downe* with that *spirit* I pray you, or else it will *sinke you* as low as any *place God* hath to put you in. Are you *Angry* that hee makes no further *use* of you, when *all men* know you have been so? and so? so for *Courage*, and so for *trust*, &c. Why, thats the *reason* that *Providence* takes you off, It is *policy* to take men off when they begin to be so *popular*. When men are *great*, *God* is *little*. *London* is *populous*, and *popularity* is a *great temptation* to *high* men; it is infinitely against the *height* of his spirit to overcome a *world* by a *world*, or by many in the *world*. God is upon a *designe* that *people* will not beleeve. With 2 *or* 3 hee will *turne the world upside downe*. Hee hath done so, and he will doe so.

Thats the first *Provision*.

And then, next, *Provision* must be made for *Joseph* too; *Out of Egypt have I called my Son*; The *Truth* of God is ingaged to bring *Joseph* out of *Egypt*, He shall not for ever dwell among *Egyptians*, *Joseph* shall be advanced to a *Commonwealth*; *Simeon* shall not *kill him*; *Judah* shall not *sell him*, God will seize upon his goods where ever he finde them; and it shall goe freely from him againe, for the nourishment, and preservation of Israelites; and for Interpretation to the Egyptians too.

And now Sir, to come as near *as I am able* unto you, can it be, do you think, that the *good Providence* should make no *provision* for the friends of *Joseph*? What? not for *Reuben*? not for *friendly Reuben*? not for the *Elder brother*? not for the *best brother*? what, not for *valiant Reuben*, that withstood nine, for the *cause* of *Joseph*? Yes, Sir, *care* is taken for *Reuben*, by *crossing Reuben*; and there is made for him too, a *gracious provision* of *good*, by a carefull *prevision* of *evill*; Sir, it is a *work* of *Providence*, admire it, and stoop to it.

Ah *Reuben*, (*Englands* true hearted *Reuben*) It is well for thee, and for all of *thy division*, that the *Treaty at the Pit* tooke not! It was well that *Joseph* was taken out, though to *thy discontent*. Deare *Reuben*, It would have grieved thee to have found thy *brothers carcasse* in the *Pit*, and thy selfe thrown there to beare him company for a *Round-head*; Were not thy *brothers* in *Commission of Array against Joseph*? and against all the *friends* of *Joseph*?

Sir, *Treaties* neare a Pit, (where men be *divided*, and doe *mistake* one another, as in a place of *darkenesse*) are *dangerous*, especially such *Treaties* as are managed with such *disadvantages*; of *nine against one*, of *nine* against

one,

one, did I say? of ninety against one, I *dare say*, if you take in all the *Confederacy*, and such as *wish well* to our *ill*. *Treaties* of *cunning men* against *well minded* men; of *united men in evill*, against *divided men*, about that which is *good*; of *bloody men* against *peaceable men*: *Reuben, Reuben*, I tell thee againe, *I do love thy pity, but I did fear the Pit.*

Sir, I am more then onely perswaded, that by this time, *you*, and *we* too, had known *sorrow*, if those *Counsels* had took. Your *wit* had gratified our *Enemies*, more then their *courage* could ever have done; yet this I know too, men are observed to be *Mutineers* against *present Providence* alwayes, either it is too *hot*, or too *cold*; either too *wet*, or too *dry* for them; but I hope you will prove a better *student* of *Providence*, and that you will *submit* unto it, and that you will *ingage* for it, against such as will make but *little distinction* (lesse then men will imagine) between *Presbyterians* and *Independents*, and against such as have already resolved how to *levell* all our *new Names*, into one *heap* of Rubbish.

To conclude, Sir, It is *against such* as, you may be confident, will come with such a *powder* of *wrath* against your *persons*, and of *hunger* to your *estates*: (for can they ever forget how much you *beat them*, and how *Penny* your *Marshall* used them;) that they will give no other but the *same quarter* to the *City of London*, as that *mercilesse Powder* did unto those *Families* near the *Tower* of *London*. Sir, they will easily *take* (or else take the pains to *dig* out) your *Treasure*, I speake to more then to your self, and will *kindly* help you to make good (*for themselves*) so much of that known Proverb;

Lincoln was, *London* (yet) is, and *Montrosse* shall be, &c.

I cannot part with so many *friends* without one word more of *remembrance*, because my designe is to *awake sleepers*.

O *London*, *London*! How many sighs have you *made*? how many *groans* have you *uttered*? how many precious *tears* have ye *shed*? That the *keeper of Israel*, would *keep you*? and your *God* with you? and your *Religion* with you? and your *Liberties* with you? and your *Wives* with you? and your *Children* with you? and your *Friends* with you? and the *Glory* of *Englands Ioseph* with you? And now that he casts a *good eye* upon you, now that he hath *told* you of so *many Treasons* to *prevent* them; Of so *many designes* to *blast* them; Of so many *Combinations* and *Devises* to *scatter them*, *them* that would soon have *scattered* you; Are you *offended* at this *Providence*? Doe you *repine* at this *Provision*? Will the *Irish*, or the uncertaine *Scots*, or the *Orcades*, or *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Barbary*; Will any of these doe you thinke, give you *content*, if a *wise God* cannot do it?

I pray,

I pray, Sirs, *thinke* and *bethinke* your selves, and walke about the *City*, the *Island*, tell the *Towres*, : *Marke well her Bulwarks*: And in *your* ROUNDS, peep under the *foundations*, search the *Vaults*, not with *darke Lanthorns*; *Guido Faux* and *Traytors* did so, they doe, and have done so, that would blow you up: *Londoners*! *Englishmen*! Take the benefit of the *Sun* by day, and of a *Torch* by night. Pray be not so unkinde as to send up such *annoying*, such *choaking smoake*, to offend the pure and clear *eye* that *England* and *London* seem to have *Monopolized* to it selfe for the *safety* of *both*, and for the *preservation* of all that any of us doe enjoy. *Video*, *Rideo*, doe ye *understand* and remember the old *Powder Treason*; it was the very *Mother* of *this*; *that* was the *Mother*, and *this* the *Daughter*.

Sir, it is a *Child* begotten of the same *Black Father*, a child begotten *after his owne likenesse*, as *black* and *dark* as himself, Oh how many barrels of *powder*, be laid! and how many *Billets*, and *Logges*, and *great bars* of *Iron* too, be laid over those *barrels*! Those *unhappy ones* in *Towerstreet*, were but as a boyes *Squib* in comparison of these *Vaults* and *Barrels*, yet how many *sweet families* were blowne up by that *Squib*? and those *barrells*? and that *improvidence*? I doe *melt* into a brine of *salties teares*, at the very *writing* of it, but you will *melt* into *teares* of *red blood* at the *feeling* of it, if better *provision* bee not made for *you* by your *Guardians*, and by him that guides your *Guardians*.

Those *barrells* were laid, (whither in a *Seller* or *Shop*, or *Warehouse*, I know not) under some *weake timber-houses* in a streete of *London*, these are laid under the very foundations of the strong Tower of *London*, the *City* of *London*, the *Towns* and *Cities* of *England*, and the very *Weale* of all the *Commons of England*. *Here* all *enslaved-Nations* do contribute to give a *sound blow* indeed, The work wil be the more easie if *many hands* be put to it. Beleeve it (honoured sir) the *Pope* hath *barrels*, and *billets*, and *faggots*, and *Oneale* hath *barrels*, and the *Scots* have *barrels*, & the *Danes* have *barrels*, and they say some *Londoners* have *barrels* too, I feare if you helpe them not with *powder*, yet you put fire enough at the *Touch hole*: but shall these blow up *England*? No I trust, nor yet *London* neither. Better *provision* is made for both. I hope *Providence* will *snatch London* from those *barrels*, or those *barrels* from *London*, and take away the *knife* least the *child* hurt himself, and prove a grief to *Father* and *Mother*: *Deare Londoners*, *engage* against all *powder plots*, your *Solitary Ben* doth give you an *Alarum*; And it is an *Alarum* of Love to London.

Not to fire their Buildings,

BUT,

To quench their Burnings. FINIS.

MUSEUM

Mercurius Pragmaticus. {Part 2. Nu. 41.

(For King Charls II)

Communicating Intelligence from all parts touching all Affaires, Designes, Humors, and Conditions throughout the Kingdome.

Especially from *Westminster*, and the *Head-Quarters*.

From *Tuesday February* 5. to *Tuesday February*. 12. 1649.

When will our Saints (*like* Phaeton) *fall*;
Their Pride *hath quite* o're-turn'd
Sol *'s* Charriot : *striving t' governe* all,
They have three Kingdomes burn'd.

Yet they themselves escape the Flames,
Whil'st Roy'llists scorch *and* frye,
And Loyall Blood *is shed in* Streames,
To quench damn'd Tyrannie.

The thirty Tyrants Athens *breed*,
And th' ten *that Rul'd in* Rome,
Raign'd but a Time; *which finished*,
They had their Tyrants doome.

Then think not, Traytors, Westminster
From Judgement *is made free*;
Your Sinnes *call for another* Warre;
And HIGH THEN DOWN GOE YEE.

——*Nemo me impune Lacessit.*

IF Ever a Nation was loaden with Iniquity this Kingdome may justly challenge its share, there being all things but *Vertue* practised: Wee parralell the *Dutch* (or outvie them) with *drinking*; the *Italliane* and *Venetians* for *Whoring*; the *Germans* for *swearing*; and more exceeding all, imitate the *Devill* in *lying*, and esteeme it the least fayling.